Went through the armie cheering vp the ſouldiers.
King. So *I* am ſatisfied, giue me a bowle of wine,
I haue not that alacritie of ſpirit,
Nor cheare of minde that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, Is Inke and paper readie?
Rat. It is my Lord.
King. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the mid of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me: leaue me *I* ſay. *Exit Ratliffe.*
Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.
Dar. Fortune and victorie ſit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy perſon, noble father in lawe,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attorney bleſſe thee from thy mother,
Who praies continually for Richmonds good,
So much for that: the ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkneſſe breakes within the Eaſt,
In briefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloudie ſtrokes and mortall ſtaring warre,
I as *I* may, that which I would *I* cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of armes:
But on thy ſide *I* may not be too forward,
Leſt being ſeene, thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewell, the leiſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundered friends ſhould dwell vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed weell.
Rich. Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more good night kind Lords & gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whoſe captaine *I* account my ſelfe,

Looke

Line 11. set— 14 our loving mother?

of

Looke on my forces wi
Put in their hands thy
That they may cruſh d
The vſurping helmet
Make vs thy miniſters
That we may praiſe the
To thee I do commend
Eere I let fall the winde
Sleeping and waking, e
Enter the ghoſt
Ghoſt to K. Ri. Let
Thinke how thou ſtab
At Teukesbury: diſpa
To Rich. Be cheere
Of butchred Princes f
King Henries iſſue Ric
Enter
Gho. to K. Ri. When I v
By thee was punched f
Thinke on the Tower,
Harrie the ſixt bids the
To Rich. Vertuous
Harrie that propheſied
Doth comfort thee in
Enter
Ghoſt. Let me ſit he
I that was waſht to dea
Poore Clarence by th
To morrow in the batt
And fall thy edgeleſſe
To Rich. Thou offſp
The wronged heires o
Good Angels guard th
Enter the G
Riu Let me ſit hea
Riuers that died at Po
Gray. Thinke vpo
Vaugh. Thinke vp
Let fall thy launce, diſ

Line 4 hel
33. batt
Line 11 Gho
26 set hea